LAMENTATION:

OR,

Their bitter Sighs and Sorrow to hear the Old Women are preſt to go with the Army, while they themſelves are ſlighted and dejected which are able to perform far better Service.

Tune of I marry and thank ye too. Licenſed according to Order.

WE Ladies of London Town
In ſorrowfull ſort appear,
Becauſe the Fates on us do's frown;
Old Women are Preſt we hear.

To wait on the warlike Train,
And March in the Van and Rear;
But Maids they will not entertain,
Old Women are Preſt we hear.

We would with our Maiden Skill,
Like Amazon Dames appear;
But we are unregarded ſtill,
Old Women are Preſt we hear.

'Tis Reaſon they ſhould allow,
Young Ladies to have a ſhare;
But Killing goes by Favour now,
Old Women are Preſt we hear.

We like the ſweet tender Dove,
could every Souldier Chear;
Yet ſtill they ſlight a Maiden's Love,
Old Women are Preſt we hear.

With Age they do grunt and groan,
nay, tremble and quake for fear,
Yet tell them this, it is all one,
Old Women are Preſt we hear.

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I am sure a young Lass can Nurse
a Souldier they need not fear;
But see the Case is alter'd thus,
Old Women are Prest we hear.

We'd cuddle them in our Arms,
and this will their Spirits chear;
Yet notwithstanding all our Charms,
Old Women are Prest we hear.

Our Swethearts are march'd away,
the which we adore so dear,
And we behind are forc'd to stay,
Old Women are Prest we hear.

We'd kiss and embrace them too,
and Love should like Fountains flow,
But old Wives they can nothing do,
Then why should not Virgins go?

Our Glory and Fame shall Ring,
and baffle the proudest Foe,
In getting Souldiers for the King,
Then why should not Damsels go?

Young Heroes that will adorn,
the Army in time we know,
As being Souldiers bred and born,
And why should not Damsels go?

To venture who wou'd refuse?
there's Glory and Fame you know,
And Teeming time we are loath to lose,
And why should not Damsels go?

The Captains for Females good,
may pity and kindness show;
Alas! we are all Flesh and Blood,
and have a great mind to go.

For why shou'd we stay behind,
in sorrowful grief and wot?
I hope at length they'll be so kind,
to suffer young Maids to go.

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